New Republic

APRIL 12, 1948

APR - 9 1948

THE EISENHOWER BOOM

- CROSS-COUNTRY REPORT

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- COST OF THE COLD WAR

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WASHINGTON WIRE

WE HAVE JUST MADE our first election bet. We have wagered $1 that the Democrats won't nominate Harry Truman. The significant thing is that the bet is an even-money affair. The feeling here now is pretty well represented by that 50-50. We feel it only fair to lay the facts of the transaction before our readers so that they may make due allowance for the bias and distortion our financial commitment may give future columns.

It's hard to make sense out of the Democrats-for-Eisenhower boom except on one theory. Last January Ike said, "I could not accept nomination even under the remote circumstances that it was offered to me." Last week his official spokesman declared, "He has not changed one iota in his position." The anti-Truman Democrats are for Ike now, not despite the fact that they don't know where he stands, but because they don't know. He may be a Republican. He may be for (or against) civil rights in the South.

But Ike is nationally known and deservedly popular. His name serves simply as a rallying ground for the anti-Truman groups of all Democratic shades. At the coming Pittsburgh ADA executive-board meeting, Eisenhower probably will be endorsed. The Roosevelt boys have shifted to him, and it looks as though Phil Murray will join soon. He represents everything to everybody. It is our guess Ike won't take the offer from the Democrats after turning down the Republicans. But with the Democratic Party apparently heading for bankruptcy, his name offers a convenient (if temporary) peg until a respectable receiver is picked.

Incidentally there are three pending bills in Congress to create the office of Senator-at-large for ex-Presidents. All of them are sponsored by Republicans.

We shall never cease to point out, in our quiet way, that the eighteenth-century institutions of our government are hardly adequate to meet towering responsibilities of the fast-moving present. Consider the situation. We have as Chief Executive a man we did not elect to that post. We have a legislature controlled by a party hostile to the executive. Responsibility is diffused, and this entails delay.

Americans are familiar with this system and are only mildly annoyed when an executive-legislative deadlock blocks adequate housing, rent, price control, social-welfare legislation and the like, as in the past three years. But the rest of the world is stunned when it appears suddenly in the international field—as in the House vote last week, 149 to 52, tentatively inviting dictator Franco of Spain to come in under ERP.

If America had a reasonably efficient parliamentary system, the sudden, staggering reversals of foreign policy would hardly be possible. America is playing for the highest stakes in history, and yet in a few weeks there have been these three fantastic somersaults: an about-face on Palestine; the invitation sent by a House majority to pariah Franco, to whose government the State Department does not even accredit an ambassador; the rather amusing switch on military aid to China.

As to China, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee issued a report one day attacking the "inefficiency, corruption and bureaucratic" methods of the Chiang government, and rewrote the report next day to praise the "self-help proposals" of the same government, to which it voted $463 million. Since it is quite unthinkable that American institutions be changed, the world might as well get used to this sort of thing.

What a lot Washington has to offer visitors these days! The cherry blos-

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Did Christ Himself write down any record of His life? If so, where are these writings today? Do they exist in any museum or library or sacred shrine? Can you find a trace of them in the vast and mysterious subterranean archives of the Vatican in Rome? The answer is NO! Nowhere has any man been able to discover a single word that **Jesus wrote!**

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"A Shield Has Two Sides" is not sold through bookstores for reasons you will readily understand after you have read the first few pages. But the Publishers will gladly send a copy on approval to any sincere seeker of knowledge over 21, who seeks unbiased facts about the Christian Church and how it functions today. Dramatic illustrations. Send only $1.00 in full payment.

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soms are out. There is a live two-headed turtle at the Commerce Department aquarium. The world's only exhibit of Emperor penguins is at the Zoo, and at the Mellon gallery are the Berlin masterpieces of art. At public hearings last week the cherry-blossom trippers had their choice between John L. Lewis denying to the President's fact-finding board that there is any coal strike, and Henry A. Wallace telling a Senate committee why he opposed UMT. Both shows were SRO. Lewis shook his Shakespearean mane in the green and gilt Labor Department hearing room.

At the Wallace hearing, there were four movie and two television sets and a line of would-be sight-seers that coiled, four deep, round the rotunda of the Senate Office Building. The Capitol cops pointed out proudly that this was a "winter boardwalk" crowd. This is a technical term that means three sections of boardwalk have been brought from the Senate cellar to fence the prospective queue off into sections, like the Chicago cattle pens. It is used only for the very biggest crowds, and a cop told us they hadn't used it since the Pearl Harbor and Howard Hughes investigations.

Notes: Tax veto or not, congressmen know that armaments and foreign-aid expenditures are starting inflation up all over again and that a reckoning faces the public, presumably some time after the election. . . . Secretary Marshall will come back from the Bogota conference quickly. . . . Mrs. Roosevelt disagreed with the Truman Palestine switch; as to the presidential race she feels she should not take part in domestic politics while serving as an American delegate to the UN. . . . The BLS wholesale price index is rising again and is close to postwar peak. . . . The three-man Council of Economic Advisers has submitted an anxious quarterly report to Truman for release shortly. . . . The Pentagon (Army) deplores the Navy's "Russian submarine" scare story last week: matters are too serious for hysteria, it argues.

Washington T. R. B.

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VOLUME 118, NUMBER 15, ISSUE 1741, NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 12, 1948 **New Republic**

THE WEEK

THE MAN NOBODY KNOWS

Dwight Eisenhower we mean. He wasn't born great. He achieved greatness in war and earned the love and admiration of the British, the French, the Russians and, more remarkable, of his own GI's. Now, in another role, greatness is being thrust upon him by those who insist that he alone can step to the command post held but not filled since Roosevelt's death, and save from rout the party FDR once led.

Where Eisenhower stands on issues that can mean prosperity or depression, democracy or dictatorship, war or peace, we don't know; neither do the leaders of the CIO, the Liberal Party, the ADA and the Democratic Party. That isn't stopping them from joining the Draft Eisenhower parade.

We can hear the noise but we can't yet recognize the tunes. Eisenhower is for UMT. Like the CIO and most liberals, we're against it. As a magazine concerned with bringing ethics into politics, we're sticking to issues. But from the sidelines, we'll admit that any Stop Truman move looks good to us.

HERE WE GO AGAIN

Whatever may be the effect of the Administration's saber rattling in US homes or the inner circles of the Comintern and Politburo, it is certainly acting like a breath of fresh air on US Big Business.

The Munitions Board, which has charge of procurement planning for the Army, Navy and Air Force, and is headed, incidentally, by Thomas J. Hargrave, president of Eastman Kodak and a director of the National Association of Manufacturers, is rapidly withdrawing from the market ordnance and other war-materiel plants which were being offered for sale as surplus.

The Air Force is taking similar action.

The Munitions Board will begin in a few days to question owners of 11,000 civilian factories to determine what military items they can produce.

The National Security Resources Board will soon conduct an even larger survey to line up the nation's war potential.

Boeing is advertising for workers to reopen its huge B-29 plant at Wichita, Kansas.

One leading hotel in midtown Washington has canceled all conventions and as soon as the cherry-blossom crowds leave, will cater only to its old wartime customers.

Those free-spending gentlemen (and their lawyers) who represent business firms interested in war contracts are again around in goodly numbers. One wartime representative of a big Middle Western steel concern is back in town looking for an apartment. "Assigned here for the duration," he sighed.

Music v. Missouri

JACKSON, MISS. (NR correspondent)

DOWN HERE in the bayou country, where Harry Truman's civil-rights program has the old-timers putting on their Confederate uniforms, some folks want to mobilize music on behalf of states' rights and Southern tradition. A bill before the State House of Representatives would require radio stations to start and end each day's program with a hot-blooded rendition of "Dixie."

In addition, one of the legislators proposed that anyone who broadcasts the "Missouri Waltz" should be fined $1,000 and jailed, and in cases where a piano was the offending instrument, the fine should be increased to $10,000. The amendment was overruled.

HEADING TOWARD M-DAY

Industrial and economic mobilization for World War III is considerably ahead of military mobilization as of now.

Bernard Baruch and Charles E. Wilson are back on the job, concentrating first on persuading Congress to vote stand-by laws authorizing wartime controls over plants and manpower—to be used if needed. Hopes for peace are now "all but demolished," these men state. A work-or-fight draft, controls over production, prices and wages, large-scale stockpiling and research programs are some of the measures that are now urged to back up our present Russian policy.

The men who will plan our industrial mobilization in case of war are much better prepared today than they were before World War II. The Munitions Board, a joint Army, Navy and Air Force agency assigned to coordinate military and industrial activities, is well along with procedures for procurement, uniform contracts and allocations.

The top mobilization-planning group, the National Security Resources Board, which is responsible for working out methods for controlling every phase of a wartime economy, has completed blueprints for a large share of its task since it was set up last November. The Resources Board is now rushing to double its staff and establish working relations with agencies like the TVA (on expanding power facilities) and

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the Council of Economic Advisers (on assessing the impact of war preparations on the economy, and keeping a constant inventory of resources and commitments).

These boards need no more authority from Congress than they were given by the new National Security Act of 1947, which authorized them to proceed a good deal farther with their industrial-preparedness program. Orders have already been issued for a survey of thousands of plants this summer to allot specific war tasks and make arrangements for whatever reconversion would be necessary.

The Army is prepared to let "educational" war orders now, to test the ability of various factories to produce what it wants. The defense agencies are ready to begin training courses for key businessmen, and to select and screen men to run federal war agencies and supervise the private factories that will produce materiel.

Senator Brewster (R, Me.), chairman of the War Investigating Committee, has announced that, as far as he is concerned, Congress will wait for the White House to recommend a complete plan for industrial mobilization. Baruch and the corporation executives who head the planning boards have President Truman fully primed to accept the challenge.

MINIMUM OF BRASS

If the Bogota Conference of 21 American republics were really concerned principally with military security against the other hemisphere, the US delegation would have included a lot more brass. As things stand, Secretary Marshall went to the Colombian capital flanked by Commerce Secretary W. Averell Harriman, John J. McCloy of the World Bank, William McChesney Martin Jr. of the Export-Import Bank, and a collection of economic brains.

These brains are worrying more over the problems of US business, such as double taxation in South America, than over Russian influence in the new world. If such problems are worth on-the-spot attention from the Secretary of State for six weeks, then the danger of war in Europe must be less than the Administration sponsors of UMT and other war-mobilization measures would like to make one think.

APRIL FOOL

The new rent-control bill which went into effect April 1 may be remembered by tenants as the practical joke Congress played on them this year. President Truman, given no chance to veto the bill since it was placed on his desk in the zero hour when all controls were about to expire, signed reluctantly, saying "the bill is better than no rent control at all."

Tenants must agree to a "voluntary" long-term lease with a 15-percent increase, or gamble on having their apartments decontrolled or on their landlords' winning a rent increase on "hardship" grounds.

Landlords can evict a tenant on 60 days' notice if he refuses to sign a "voluntary" 15-percent increase. Such agreements run through December 31, 1949, but the leases must be signed before December 31, 1948.

Immediate eviction may be obtained by a landlord for nonpayment of rent or "creation of a nuisance."

The law provides for increased tenant representation on local advisory boards and permits the Housing Expediter to reject recommendations of local boards which are not substantiated by "adequate evidence." But such disputes between local boards and the Housing Expediter will be referred to the Emergency Court of Appeals, set up in Washington to decide wartime price-control cases, for a final ruling.

Despite the fact that there is still a housing shortage and that rents have risen more than six percent since controls were weakened last June, the new law ends controls over construction of amusement and recreation buildings, rents on trailers or trailer courts, and rooms in private homes with no more than two tenants.

Jesse Wolcott (R, Mich.), the House Banking and Currency Committee chairman, was chiefly responsible for making all this possible. The compromise bill finally passed is as bad as it is because Wolcott had originally forced a much worse one through the House.

UP—AND DOWN

Last week, the US economy was running off in many directions. The heavy-goods industries, sparked by the Truman call-to-armaments speech, were booming. But with all the figures in, Easter had obviously given manufacturers and distributors of consumer goods little cause for a happy holiday.

In New York City, for example, the index of retail-store dollar volume for the four weeks before Easter was off three points from the comparable pre-holiday weeks in 1947.

And with prices 10 to 20 percent higher than a year ago, this meant that, compared with last year, 10 million fewer families were willing or able to buy Easter finery.

The Bureau of Labor Statistics figures for February showed why some people were having a personal defla-

DRAWING BY DOUG ANDERSON

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tion in the face of the defense boom. In January, payrolls had declined, bringing real income 12 percent below its wartime peak. Then in February, weekly wages declined and unemployment increased. US consumers were $300 million deeper in debt than they were a year ago.

Added to the motley pattern was evidence that some businessmen were so baffled by the course of events that they were pocketing their wartime profits and shutting up shop. Last week, for example, the Naushon Mills, a New Bedford textile plant, shut up shop and threw its 800 employees out of work. Textron closed its mill in Nashua, New Hampshire, where another 1,000 textile workers were left without jobs.

Congress, too, was doing what it could to complicate the economic picture. Heaping additional arms and ERP spending on top of a tax cut, it was refueling the inflation. From *Barron's,* conservative journal of business, came a level-headed protest: "The orthodox and sound solution for the problem thus created is sufficient taxes to withdraw from the market the purchasing power put into it by the arms expenditures." Comments this Wall Street organ: "In a rearmament economy there is no need for risk capital since there is no risk." But with the coalition of Republicans and conservative Democrats determined to have their anti-Communist drive and their tax cuts too, *Barron's* was just a voice in the wind.

As of this week nobody seemed willing to face up to the fact that some day all these paradoxes would run smack into each other.

GIANT KILLER

Unless you are willing to put John L. Lewis down as merely a cantankerous old curmudgeon whose spring fever each year compels him to create a disturbance, it is necessary seriously to assess his motives in the current coal dispute.

Ezra Van Horn, the coal operators' representative on the welfare board,

DRAWING BY ELIZABETH OLDS

has agreed to the principle of pensions. Lewis wants to include certain miners who do not come under the current contract. Van Horn says this is illegal under the Taft-Hartley Act, but this point would not appear to be beyond negotiation. There must be something bigger at stake.

Lewis has always been accorded a sort of grudging moral leadership of American labor, by moving toward the heart of labor's current major dilemma. At the moment that is the Taft-Hartley Act provision for an injunction against strikes which "imperil the national health or safety." Lewis, of course, has not called a strike. He merely told his miners that the contract had been "dishonored" and they walked off the job in individual resentment, taking advantage of the contract clause which requires them to work only when "willing and able."

It is a good test case, because if a strike had been called, the court would merely enjoin the union leadership to call it off. Unless they wanted to go to jail for contempt, the union leaders would have to comply. But strikers, any strikers, could still find themselves "unwilling," as individuals, to return to work. Then what? Soldiers can't make automobiles, dig coal or forge steel.

Lewis' case goes immediately to the logical conclusion of the T-H attempt to force men to work. Lewis' miners will stand by him, as they always do. And their loyalty, which has already deprived the nation of coal for three weeks, will supply the urgency for a quick decision. Soon labor, and the whole country, may know whether the heart of the T-H law is constitutional and, if so, whether it is enforceable in a free society.

BLUEPRINT FOR SURVIVAL

After two years of research and discussion, an 11-man committee headed by Robert M. Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago, has published an epochal preliminary draft of a world constitution. Hutchins describes the proposal, the most ambitious constitutional plan ever devised, as a "tentative blueprint for world government."

Underlying the project is the basic assumption that war can and must be outlawed, that peace must be enforced and that a federal world government is the only alternative to world destruction. The constitution provides that the "four elements of life—earth, water, air and energy—are the common property of the human race," and that the management of these properties shall be subordinated "in each and all cases to the interest of the common good."

The Hutchins group proposes that the primary powers of the world government be vested in:

1. A Federal Convention composed of delegates elected directly, one for each million people, who would elect a President, World Council and Tribune of the People;
2. The President, to serve a six-year term;
3. The Council, a unicameral legislative body of 99 members;
4. The Grand Tribunal and Supreme Court—judicial bodies—and the Tribune of the People, who would serve as spokesman for the world's minorities;
5. The Chamber of Guardians, to which will be assigned the control and use of the armed forces.

This government would have 19 powers, including the right to maintain peace; to organize and direct fed-

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eral armed forces; to intervene in cases of intrastate violence or law violation; to limit and control weapons and domestic armed forces; to levy and collect taxes; to set up agencies to develop the earth's resources; to administer the World Bank; to regulate commerce and to supervise laws regarding the movement of peoples.

A system of checks and balances would presumably prevent the executive, legislative and judicial branches of the world government from assuming too much power at one another's expense.

Anticipating inevitable criticism, Hutchins and his colleagues emphasize their feeling that the "blueprint" is no final solution, that it can only pretend to be a "proposal to history," for the world to consider and improve upon. They also admit that the "conceivable circumstances" for world government are not now at hand, but they feel that world government will come, "whether without a world conflagration or with it," within five to 50 years.

STRAW IN THE WIND

BALTIMORE (NR correspondent)

Amid the increasing hue and cry over civil rights, eight students at little St. John's College, Annapolis, home of the "Great Books program," have prepared a statement of principles.

"St. John's," they emphasized, "which claims that Western civilization, through its great books, can educate for freedom, should be especially challenged by the common charge that Negroes are incapable of being free men." Two days later the student body, by a vote of 162 to 33, resolved that it would "welcome the admission of students of any race or color."

Maryland liberals hoped this was a straw in the wind. The students hadn't asked that Negroes be admitted to St. John's, and President John S. Kieffer wouldn't say the college was considering admitting them. But he did say that so far as he knew, there was nothing in the school's charter to prevent it.

MARSHALL PLAN TROUBLES

HOUSE PASSAGE of ERP legislation, while a victory for the basic Marshall Plan concept, left some serious obstacles in the path of those intent on helping Europe establish a stable economy.

Pseudo-military strategists, and those who conceive ERP principally as a weapon for extending US political power, put their mark on the House version. Therefore there are basic differences between the House and Senate bills which must be fought out in conference committee. Internationally, the most important is the Mundt amendment, which would cripple East-West trade within Europe. The inclusion of Spain in the House bill would also have been of great importance.

Although the committee quickly dropped Spain, serious damage already had been done. For one thing, it spread dismay among the 16 Marshall Plan nations, which realized that it had given the Communists a propaganda weapon in every country of Western Europe. The State Department, though often ambivalent about Franco in the past, was almost equally dismayed, since its recent policy has been anti-Franco and in favor of some monarchist-leftist coalition in Spain. Approval came only from the Pentagon, where Spain is looked on with increasing favor as a Pyrenees-protected base for future operations against Russia. The House apparently acted on its own initiative rather than on any direct Defense Department request, but recent military witnesses before House committees had mentioned Spain so often that the Representatives drew a conclusion they thought obvious.

The Mundt amendment is a snarl of restrictions forbidding the export of materials that might go into commodities Western European nations could use for trade with Eastern ones. The extent of the possible damage to the prospects of European recovery can be seen from the fact that the Western nations, in 1948 alone, need 16 million tons of Polish coal, 360,000 tons of meat, 291,000 tons of nitrogen, and millions of dollars' worth of lumber from Eastern Europe. To block this trade for purely anti-Russian reasons would put an insupportable burden on the US, which would have to try to supply some of these commodities. And failing to get them all, Europe would suffer.

One other serious limitation which the House measure imposes is of domestic rather than international importance. As it stands, the bill would give the FBI veto power over all personnel hired by the ERP administration. A three-month period of grace is provided, during which employees may work while investigations are under way. But the old business of past membership in "subversive" organizations is given such prominence and such hazy definition that in the end J. Edgar Hoover would be personnel director of ERP.

A lesser hurdle is implicit in the provision requiring recipients of aid to furnish whatever raw materials we ask for defense stockpiling. The provision is considered so unworkable by proponents of ERP that they do not fear its effect in Europe.

Now the next legislative step is to extract from penny-pinching John Taber's Appropriations Committee the funds which are authorized by this law. Taber has said rather ominously that he intends to hold "careful hearings" commencing April 12.

DRAWING BY R. OSBORN

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HENRY WALLACE'S COLUMN

Count the Cost!

THIS WEEK, which includes the third anniversary of Roosevelt's death, is a good time to count the immediate and ultimate costs of our cold-war policy.

Roosevelt had the most friendly relationship with our wartime allies and in that policy he had the support of the American people, as evidenced by the 1944 election. But after his death, his policies were more and more scuttled by the military, the State Department and those who succeeded him.

Every spring since his death we have taken a fresh descent toward that pit which is war. A year ago the Truman Doctrine was announced, and now on this third anniversary we suddenly have the nation confronted with a bipartisan call for extreme militarization, the near destruction of the UN by the actions on Palestine and Trieste, and the creation of war hysteria.

This cold war is being carried out by the hypocritical use of the sacred name of democracy. It has already cost the American people billions of dollars, but the cost mounts each year with frightening speed as we try to make the appropriations match the hatred we have created. The cost is not merely in dollars, requiring high taxes; it is reflected in a shortage of housing, a scarcity of goods and a reduced standard of living for everyone.

Inflationary pressures created by the Truman Doctrine cost the American people in the year just ended $15 billion in addition to the $11 billion for the military and for aid to Europe in the spirit of armament.

As a result of the Truman St. Patrick's Day doctrine, the military expenditures next year will be expanded to a point which, when added to aid to Europe, China and Turkey, will amount to more than $20 billion. Add to this the cost to the consumers of inflationary pressure generated from abroad, and we shall find that for the year which we are now beginning, the cost of the cold war will be something like $35 billion.

Momentarily the taxpaying consumer is being deceived by a reduction in taxes, but it now becomes apparent that in all products affected by military orders there will soon be a third round of price increases which will far more than counterbalance the tax cut. Next year, taxes will either be hiked again or the consumer will pay the bill by the inflationary high prices resulting from deficit financing. Congress, in cutting taxes and appropriating billions of new money for war, is openly expressing the opinion that the American people are suckers. The inflationary bill which we shall have to foot as long as the cold war goes on will be truly frightening. That cold war is not remote. You meet it face to face every time you make a purchase.

Abroad, the cold war is costing us our prestige. Roosevelt was loved by the common man in all nations. Today America is hated and feared. Everywhere the workers see us using our arms and money to back up reactionaries who use violent methods to keep the people down.

More people have already been killed abroad by the cold war than the total of American casualties in World War II. In China more than a million people have died in a fruitless campaign to keep the Kuomintang dictatorship in power. Many thousands fighting for national independence have been killed in Indo-China and Indonesia with American lend-lease guns fired by Dutch soldiers and French foreign legionnaires. In Greece thousands have already been killed in fighting and tens of thousands of political prisoners have been banished to desolate islands. More than a thousand Greeks have been executed. Their crime was the same as that of George Washington: they wanted to get rid of a king. In Palestine, Jews are being killed every day with arms financed by the US and supplied by Britain.

In none of these areas can Russian troops be found. No Yugoslavs, Bulgarians, Albanians or Russians have been captured in the Greek fighting. But who can say when an American officer will be shot? Naturally the Communists are active in every country where we are backing up the reactionaries. Russia could stop that if she tried; but what reason does she now have to try?

In the long run the greatest cost of the cold war is America's loss of the sympathy of the ordinary man in the street. Yet we have so much more to give to the common man everywhere than have the Russians, if we only approached the problem in the spirit of service instead of the spirit of domination, profits for a selected few, and finally war.

The military men who run the US under the present Administration have finally concluded that it will require a strong demonstration of force to put over their program. The purpose of the draft and UMT is not only to militarize America and prepare for possible war with Russia but also to draft American boys to fight poorly armed soldiers and unarmed civilians in many places, all over the world.

The cold war hasn't subdued anybody yet. Its only achievement has been to enrich American monopolies and make us hated everywhere. We, who comprise six percent of the population of the world, are in serious danger of becoming morally isolated from the rest of mankind. Before we share the fate of the Germans under Hitler, our people must speak out—now!

Henry A Wallace

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DEMOCRATS BOOM EISENHOWER: Special NR Reports

CRUMBLING PARTY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

CLEARLY Harry Truman is no longer the Democrats' choice. His party would dump him in a minute—if he would go quietly, and if they could agree on an available substitute. The second *if* is the important one. Given it, most party leaders would not hesitate to fight to the finish against Truman's nomination on the floor of the convention.

As of now, Dwight D. Eisenhower is the one man who all the Democrats agree could reunite their crumbling party for one more victory, and it will take more and louder "no's" from the General to discourage them. The same goes for the anti-Wallace labor leaders who see Eisenhower as a fine escape from the Truman hook on which they are now impaled. The Southerners view Ike's candidacy as a way out of their threatened secession if Truman, the champion of civil liberties, is the party nominee.

No one believes, however, that the General could be enticed into a convention fight for the Democratic nomination. And the chances that the Democratic leaders who favor Eisenhower will be able to offer him a clear title to the nomination in advance of the convention are, to say the least, doubtful. Harry Truman says he is running. His formerly loyal party lieutenants are concentrating on how to change his mind for him. The main thing, they think, is timing. And the time to tell the President that he must step down for the good of the party is not yet. When it does come, it will be the younger blood in the big-city machines who will break the news.

Meanwhile, Democratic National Chairman McGrath and his assistant Gael Sullivan are busy defending candidate Truman as best they can, putting pressure on potential backsliders to stay off the Eisenhower bandwagon, keeping up a cheerful front. McGrath and Sullivan do not deny that as of now they cannot see the necessary convention votes to nominate Truman on the first ballot. But, they say, it is still a long way to July, and the wind may suddenly shift well before then.

Experts agree that it would take a big shift to assure a Truman victory on the first ballot. New York, Illinois and California, where anti-Truman sentiment is now raging, together hold 212 of the 1,234 convention votes. The hostile Southern and border states have another 364. Together they total almost one-half of the convention vote. To poll the majority needed for nomination, Truman would have to win back the support of one of these two key groups.

At present odds are mounting rapidly in the opposite direction.

ARVEY PICKS IKE

CHICAGO, ILL.

TRUMAN, as far as Illinois Democrats are concerned, is through. Jacob M. Arvey, chairman of the powerful Cook County Democratic Committee, has made the announcement. He has suggested General Eisenhower as a substitute. And, if the General will not accept the nomination, then Illinois Democrats will settle for Associate Justice William O. Douglas, Senator Scott W. Lucas (Ill.), Chief Justice Vinson, Senator Barkley (Ky.) or almost anyone else.

The drift away from President Truman has been building up gradually, and the President's bungling of the Palestine issue (there are 300,000 Jewish voters in Cook County) served to bring it into focus.

In Illinois, Democrats win statewide contests only when their usually big Cook County majorities are sufficient to wipe out downstate leads for Republican candidates. Illinois leaders, including Arvey, began to wish for another "top of the ticket" when their state candidates, after making a primary canvass through downstate, reported Truman sentiment at a low ebb. When the reports showed Republican sentiment riding high downstate, with the third party making inroads on the Democratic majorities of Chicago's West Side, party leaders realized they might even lose the county.

They had started the year with high hopes. Paul H. Douglas, University of Chicago professor and World War II Marine Corps hero, was their senatorial candidate. Adlai Stevenson, who has a long record of achievement in the international field and especially as an American delegate at the United Nations Assembly, was the gubernatorial candidate. Seldom had the party presented a stronger ticket in Illinois. Given a halfway break, Democratic leaders expected to elect a Governor, as the GOP incumbent, Dwight H. Green, is none too strong politically.

Then began the Truman follies. When the President reversed himself on Palestine it became obvious that the great West Side majorities were gone, in so far as the Democratic Party was concerned, unless something drastic was done. And with those majorities would go not only the state ticket's slim, outside chance but the far better chances of the Cook County Democratic ticket as well.

Arvey's statement that "the President

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"I'm warning you, suh—we'll start a FOURTH party!"

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has not demonstrated a capacity for leadership" and his plumping for Eisenhower, offered a desperate remedy. It was an unusual statement for one in Arvey's position to make. Ordinarily, those who head political machines are not so blunt, especially when it comes to incumbent Presidents with their huge patronage power.

The results of Arvey's announcement will be seen in the Illinois primaries on April 13, when the delegates to the Democratic convention will be named. It seems highly unlikely that this third largest block of votes to the national convention will be pledged to the present occupant of the White House.

THREE-WAY SPLIT

NEW YORK, N. Y.

HARRY TRUMAN is washed up in New York. The Eisenhower boom is just beginning. The American Labor Party, backing Wallace, expects to finish off the Democrats this year and emerge as the first party in New York City. The Liberal Party, lost with Truman, is backing Eisenhower and trying to force the Democrats to go along. The Democratic bosses are watching and waiting.

Their party is falling apart. Starved of leadership, short on patronage, and shorter still on ideas, the Democratic army has shrunk to a stronghold in New York City, an outpost in Albany, and a few tents pitched in enemy territory. The unified liberal platform, built by Smith, Roosevelt and Lehman, has been replaced by a piecemeal exploitation of racial divisions. Even this approach is bankrupt. The Jewish people, outraged by the betrayal of Palestine, are lost for Truman. The Negroes are also lost. The Italians and Poles are unfriendly. Only the Irish remain loyal.

Fifteen of New York's 45 Representatives and 41 of New York's State Assemblymen are Democrats. If Truman runs, best estimates are that Wallace's vote will almost equal the Democrats'. The Republicans will carry New York by 500,000 votes, and the Democratic delegations in Albany and Washington will be cut in half.

If the New York Democrats turn against Truman, he is lost. Today they are split three ways.

In control of the party are Paul Fitzpatrick, the state chairman; Ed Flynn of the Bronx; Dan O'Connell of Albany; and Jim Farley, who says he is strong upstate. They hate having a candidate "drafted," because he is beyond their control. They are complacent in their faith that if they can kill the minor parties by boycott, all liberals must come back to the fold for lack of anywhere else to go. Fitzpatrick, although cool to Truman, is influenced by another New Yorker, James Forrestal. The others are dominated by the thinking of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, led by Cardinal Spellman, who has defined the political issue as "Stalinism against God." They are concerned less with the Republicans than with the Kremlin. Truman is going all the way with them.

They know that if the issue becomes peace or anti-communism they will lose. They are ready to lose, but a group of intermediate leaders is not. They include the Representatives who will suffer defeat, and the district leaders who are under direct pressure from their rank and file. Starting in Brooklyn, they are joining the Eisenhower boom as the one means of saving a party that is breaking up.

Far away in California, Mayor William O'Dwyer sits in the sunshine with a wet finger raised to the wind. His break with Flynn is still deep. Tammany Hall is still beyond his control. If he returns to lead the Eisenhower boom, he can force the state machine to repudiate Truman. But O'Dwyer is a cautious man. If the Eisenhower boom proves to be a grass-roots uprising, he will move to its head. If it is only a high-level maneuver to save a few political bosses, he will ignore it. He suspects that this is Eisenhower's own attitude.

Who will lead the necessary uprising? Not the Liberal Party, with its narrow ideology, nor the CIO, now badly split. Draft-Eisenhower headquarters here consists of a couple of AVC boys who scraped up enough change to run an ad in two New York papers and who in the four days following were inundated with three thousand letters from volunteers. Where Eisenhower stands in all this, they don't know. "Hell," they say to anxious liberals who phone to ask what the General's opinions are on public issues, "We don't know. But then who knew where Roosevelt stood in 1932?"

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WILLIAM TELL TO DATE

POLITICAL PALSY

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

EASTER MORNING found a series of caucuses being held in Beverly Hills in a last-minute effort to organize a slate of Democratic delegates pledged to General Dwight D. Eisenhower. Forgoing sunrise service in the Hollywood Bowl, the early-morning plotters finally concluded that it would not be feasible to organize such a delegation by five p. m. Friday, April 2, the zero hour for entering a slate of delegates in opposition to the "official" delegation headed by James Roosevelt and pledged to President Truman.

No sooner were the rebels in session, however, than Colonel Roosevelt got in touch with them and urged them to hold their fire. Among other items of intelligence which he imparted were the following:

1. That at the Jefferson-Jackson Day

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UP AGAINST THE BRASS

Dinner, scheduled for Los Angeles on April 12—the anniversary of the death of FDR—a long telegram from General Eisenhower would be read by Roosevelt, as chairman of the dinner. The telegram would be an eloquent tribute to FDR and would contain warm praise for his policies, domestic and foreign.

2. Following the reading of this telegram, a carefully organized "spontaneous" demonstration would take place, with shouts for Eisenhower from every corner of the Biltmore Bowl.

Timed to coincide with this demonstration, full-page ads would appear in the motion-picture trade papers, signed by leading Democrats in the industry, calling upon General Eisenhower to accept the Democratic nomination. This phase of the campaign would be in charge of Dore Schary and Milton Sperling, two well-known liberals in the industry.

While the Beverly Hills group was grateful for this information, they insisted that Colonel Roosevelt give some added assurances of his opposition to Truman, including the addition to the present "official" slate of the maximum number of alternates who should be pro-Eisenhower.

This Easter-morning "rising" might be dismissed as of little significance were it not that the expiration of the deadline for filing nominating petitions for the primary revealed the perilous position of the Democratic Party in California. In two districts, liberal Democrats and followers of the Independent Progressive Party will be united in support of a single candidate: Ellis Patterson in the 16th, Ned Healy in the 13th. Here unity of a sort has been achieved largely because both men had the good sense to cross-file (California law allows candidates to run on more than one party ticket) in the third party despite strong pressure from officials of the Democratic Party to boycott the IPP. That the Truman Democrats were unable to find a candidate willing to enter the primaries against Patterson, whose sympathies for Wallace are well-known, is the most telling symptom of the palsy that currently besets the "regular" Democrats. Similarly in the 20th district, William Easterman of the IPP, who cross-filed, stands a good chance of capturing the Democratic nomination.

In the 19th and 14th districts the situation is badly snarled, due in about equal measure to the bad judgment of the Democrats and the intransigence of the IPP. After first pressuring Chet Holifield and Helen Gahagan Douglas to cross-file, in most peremptory and truculent wires, the officials of the IPP then sent conciliatory telegrams to both candidates stating that, despite differences on some issues, the IPP was willing to support them if they would cross-file and accept IPP support. Unfortunately neither candidate saw fit to accept this offer. Hence on the last day for filing, the IPP entered candidates in both districts although these candidates did not cross-file on the Democratic ticket.

All this points up the dilemma of California's liberal Democrats. They distrust IPP leadership yet they have no strong Democratic candidates in most districts nor in the national race. The IPP is now in a position to roll up a heavy vote for Henry Wallace and third-party candidates which may spell disaster for those who have rebuffed the IPP and lost support they will need in November.

Only a strong liberal slate with General Eisenhower or Justice William O. Douglas could radically alter the situation. Hence the Easter-morning plotting. If Truman is nominated, liberal support will go to Wallace, although it will be given independently of the IPP. Truman would not carry a single county in the state and one could anticipate a repetition of the 1924 election in which John W. Davis, the Democratic nominee, polled 105,514 votes in California to 733,250 for Coolidge and 400,000 for La Follette, the Progressive candidate. These figures were cited at the Easter-morning cabal in Beverly Hills and their significance was noted.

HOME-TOWN BLUES

INDEPENDENCE, MO.

IN PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S home town of Independence, Missouri, population 16,066, most persons think they will be seeing lots of Harry Truman in 1949. They believe that by that time he will again be living in his modest frame house at 219 North Delaware.

There is a tinge of regret in folks' voices when they discuss the President's chances in the November election—the town has always been Democratic and it appreciates the prestige that comes from having a favorite son in the White House—but, as one home-towner puts it, "in times like these we think a more able man should be running things."

A. H. Thompson, a local barber who monitors political gossip, reports that three customers in one morning announced they didn't think Truman should be reëlected. "They were all Democrats, too," Thompson says. The barber himself thinks Eisenhower is a "good man," but he doesn't go much for military people. He prefers Dewey.

Nevertheless, Independence is not walking out on Truman. It is one town where the President needn't worry about a Democratic revolt; he has the great majority of the Democratic votes still with him, plus plenty of Republicans. But most of the support is for sentimental reasons. Then, too, these Missourians don't care for generals, even from nearby Kansas.

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The most outspoken of Truman's fellow townspeople was 22-year-old Gloria Hoefer, who asserted over a drugstore coke that "Truman was a terrible President" and that she would vote for any Democrat except him. Her mother temporized: "I'm a Democrat, and I'll vote for Truman if he's nominated, but I think the Republicans will win without much trouble."

A note of disgust was voiced by bartender Edward Hines, who exclaimed, "I can't see why they keep bringing Eisenhower's name up all the time. He said he wasn't going to run, so that's that." As a vet, however, Hines said he preferred Ike to Truman, but "I'd still like to see some peaceful person in there as President."

Those representatives of community opinion, the newspaper editors and publishers, divide along party lines. Publisher William Southern, 83, of the Independence *Examiner* and a Truman family acquaintance, announced that his friend's chances look fine. But he sounded as if he were only fulfilling a neighborly obligation when he said it.

From Ed Carroll, editor of the Independence *Daily News,* came the admission that he was a Republican. The President is "an affable sort of fellow," Carroll said, but he likes Dewey, Taft and Martin in that order.

A real-estate-office employee, L. S. McGhee, didn't want neighbor Harry for President either, so he took the courteous way out. "I wouldn't vote for Truman again," he said, "so I'm not going to vote at all."

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WILL THERE BE A PLANK LIKE THIS?

FRANCE TAKES THE RISK

Fully aware that a new war would wreck their nation, the French cast their lot with the West and gamble on a "Stop Russia" policy

by Rene DuPuy

PARIS (by wireless)

THE CZECH *coup d'état* changed nothing and changed everything in France, surprised no one and shocked everyone.

It changed nothing because after the April, 1945, "strong relations with Russia" pact at Kosice, few French officials doubted that Czechoslovakia was solidly behind the Iron Curtain. If any doubts lingered, they were dispelled last July, when the Kremlin ordered the Czernin Palace to turn down the Quai d'Orsay invitation to participate in ERP.

It changed everything because the *coup d'état* and Masaryk's death gave France the final push that has put her definitely in the anti-Soviet camp.

A long time ago France was left on a chalk line between the Eastern and Western roads. There she dawdled, stopping to kick stones representing control of the Ruhr, German coal and steel, German centralization. But rumbles from the East sent her scuttling along the Western road, leaving the chalk line well behind.

That chalk line seems in retrospect to have been the line of peace. France understands now that a calculated risk must be taken to stop the Soviets. But for the French this calculated risk evokes nightmares, because—to be brutally frank—war would mean the end of France, at least for several generations, perhaps forever, as an important nation. A future war would be fought here, and the French Communists, with a hard core of one million members, would constitute a far more impressive force than any Fifth Column in the last war.

France, however, is acting as if she were ready to take the calculated risk of war. Though her economy is weak, she is spending 300 billion francs ($1 billion), or one-third of her total budget, on armies and armament. This just about equals the proposed French share of ERP funds for the first year. And the money is only part of the picture. At a time when French farms, factories and mines are crying for manpower, three-quarters of a million men are under arms or in training.

Even without the Prague coup the chances of good French relations with the Soviets had nearly vanished. Some say the split originated during the Moscow Conference when Molotov turned down a French bid to get four-power approval on the Saar. Serious tension dates back, however, to July 2, 1947, when Molotov walked out of the Bevin-Bidault conference on European self-help. Establishment of the Cominform in September did not ease the strain.

Whatever the breaking point was, the fact is that French relations with the Eastern countries are now at a new low. For example, Soviet wheat was lost to France as a result of several diplomatic incidents such as *"l'affaire Beauregard,"* when the French police raided a Soviet repatriation camp here and set off a series of mutual recriminations and accusations of bad faith. Particularly infuriating to the French was a security-police report detailing foreign Communists' activities during the November-December strikes.

What about the war that may be coming—does France expect to use the million men she has under arms to defend home territory? I have yet to meet a responsible expert who privately defends the idea. So far as I can learn, there is a twofold plan for the use of the armies and the security troops. In the event of war, it is al-

René DuPuy is the penname of a well-known American journalist now in Paris.

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most certain that the main forces would be moved to Africa, because metropolitan France could not be defended against strong Soviet armies.

The only successful type of military activity on continental French soil would be resistance by the Maquis. North Africa, however, is an important key to the Mediterranean and would provide a base for long-range bombers.

Equally interesting is the plan for the use of troops in the event war can be avoided—naturally this is what all French leaders are praying for. In this case, the security troops would be available to prevent insurrectional attempts by aggressive internal minorities—Communist or extreme right-wing. They also could break politically fomented strikes and sabotage. And the regular armies would be free for use in Indo-China, where bitter fighting continues, and Madagascar, scene of sporadic revolts against French domination.

Recent developments and the wave of anti-Communist feeling created by them have made the chances of internal trouble from the right wing a lot more real than they were a few months ago. Little fascists are running out of their holes, loudly cheering and shouting "Hooray for our side—we're all friends again." Jean Louis Girard was chief of Marshal Pétain's political staff. Not only is Girard free, but he has had the nerve to write an apology for Laval and has offered to autograph copies in Paris bookstores.

US officials here are greatly disturbed by the extreme rightists and Vichy collaborators who are scrambling onto the US bandwagon. The American embassy has given orders to its officials to kick out the collaborators as fast as they come. The embassy maintains that it is trying to give all encouragement and help to truly democratic forces in France. In a pinch, if the "third force" fails, US officials say they will do business with General Charles de Gaulle. For the time being, however, the embassy is busy fighting off disreputable characters.

Also for the time being, Communists are using hit-and-run tactics, with isolated strikes, strong-arm breakups of Socialist and Gaullist political rallies, threats, warnings, etc. But as the world situation was making the last pieces of the jigsaw puzzle of French internal politics snap into place, the completed picture wasn't the one advertised on the cover.

The pattern originally publicized last year was inspired by Caesar's *Commentaries*. Modern France, like ancient Gaul, was supposed to be divided into three parts: Communists, Gaullists, and the coalition of Socialist and moderate parties called the "third force." The divisions are no longer clear-cut and there are many indications of a coming synthesis that will reduce the number of forces to two. Though openly continuing battle against the Communists on the Left and the Gaullists on the Right, some members of the Center are negotiating behind the scenes with de Gaulle.

De Gaulle himself has changed his tune to take advantage of the situation. In his most recent speech he repeated that he was "ready to lead the country to salvation and grandeur," and used the ominous phrase, "Events command us to wait no longer." On the other hand, he omitted his usual demand for revision of the Constitution and failed to deliver the expected tirade against the government. Moreover, the Gaullist group in Parliament has recently been furnishing votes to save the present government from defeat. The explanation is simple: de Gaulle is getting ready to take over, perhaps with the help of important elements of the third force.

Thus we are witnessing in France a crystallization of diverse elements into two major forces—Communists and anti-Communists. The anti-Communists, ranging from Socialists to Gaullists, are divided on economic policies but united on the single overriding issue of opposition to the Communists. And, of course, de Gaulle considers himself the man to lead them.

It is true that a third-force government will last only so long as hope remains of maintaining a stable situation. If a new crisis threatens its authority seriously, third-force elements will throw themselves under the protection of de Gaulle's long arms, rallying to him as the anti-Communist champion of France.

As a matter of fact, this has already happened in regional by-elections. In 90 percent of these cases, Communists maintained or slightly increased their strength, while Gaullists also showed

DRAWINGS BY ROGER LYFORD

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consistent pollings, and government-bloc candidates wound up a bad last. In every runoff election from which the third-force candidate withdrew, de Gaulle garnered at least half of the votes formerly cast for third-forcers, with the other half abstaining. De Gaulle therefore can claim that his party is now Number One and will remain first as long as third-force supporters vote for him in the runoffs.

Don't think the Communists aren't worried. The spectre of 1932 is haunting their waking hours. They know the risk they run if they duplicate the maneuvers of the German Communists who voted with the Nazis to overthrow Brüning's Catholic-led coalition. There is a major divergence, however, from the German parallel. In the pre-Hitler Reich, the Communists didn't have a strong majority control of the labor movement, but here in France they hold control of key industrial and transport centers.

Jouhaux's non-Communist *Force Ouvrière,* the trade-union group which bolted the Communist-dominated CGT (General Confederation of Labor) after the December strikes, has thus far failed to deliver. The CGT has decisively defeated the Jouhaux secessionists on major test votes. The best estimates available report that the Communist faction has been able to retain at least four million out of the former CGT total of six million workers.

The Communists can count on the control of at least 75 percent of railwaymen. They are virtual masters of the ports, shipping, coal mines and the metallurgical industries—enough to paralyze the country for a considerable time and to torpedo any chances of recovery under ERP.

There are many evidences that another fight may be brewing. I have reliable information that a serious debate is in progress inside the French Communist politburo on the next tactical move. Thorez and Duclos are reportedly in favor of holding off for the present, but other high-ranking Communists are urging them to take advantage of a "revolutionary opportunity."

The "action now" theorists hold that the Communists have demonstrated

they still control labor, whereas de Gaulle is not yet at the peak of his strength. Time works against the Communists, this argument goes. The rapidly jelling Western bloc, plus the mutual-defense plans of the anti-Communist governments of Western Europe, is another factor which indicates the Communists' job will be harder the longer they wait.

Proponents of this point of view stress the fact that the workers are more than ever fed up and disillusioned. They say events have proved the Communists were right last December when they predicted that salary raises would soon be wiped out by rising prices. In addition, the lower-middle classes, farm laborers and small peasants owning up to fifty hectares of land are being slowly crushed by inflation.

Thorez and Duclos advocate a wait-and-see policy; wait for an economic crisis in America and see what will happen in Italy.

No elections are scheduled for France this year. The Constitution specifically bans them before May. After that they could be brought about only if the government were defeated twice in one parliamentary term. Such an eventuality would mean the dissolution of Parliament and general elections.

It is not necessary, however, to hold elections to throw France into a completely new phase. If the present government were defeated at any time, nothing would prevent the President of the republic from naming de Gaulle Premier at once. Previously it was de-Gaulle himself who ruled out such a possibility by refusing to take office under the Constitution of the Fourth Republic, but now he has removed this condition.

Meanwhile the third force is counting on eliminating economic obstacles and capitalizing on international tensions to maintain a precarious leadership of the country. It has a terrific job ahead. Mismanagement, corruption, lack of confidence and lack of civic spirit have been creating shortages where none should exist. Many deficiencies are the result of faulty distribution, rather than of the physical absence of goods. But there are some encouraging developments. Dry spring skies promise bumper crops and excellent fall harvests. This factor alone could bring about important cuts in food prices, which are now running from 75 to as high as 85 percent of family budgets.

France has the elements of a balanced economy, given time and a helping hand. But impatient workers are unwilling to carry the principal burden of sacrifice indefinitely, and the international situation keeps upsetting the domestic plans of the French leaders and generating ominous pressures.

In spite of these adverse factors, the over-all production index in January reached 115 percent of 1938, marking the high point of French recovery. Coal, the most vital industrial item, is 120 percent of 1938 levels; electricity, 157; steel, 108; laminated products, 128; cement, 116.

To a Frenchman these are not dry statistics. They are a shot in the arm—and this is a country where the standard medical treatment is a *piqure* (a hypodermic) for any ailment from a boil to fallen arches.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

THE LEXICON OF THE MASTER

by George Mayberry

WE ARE so accustomed to thinking of Henry Louis Mencken as a man of violent dislikes that we are apt to forget that among his *Prejudices* are many affirmations of sympathy. Along with his lambasting of the "booboisie," the Bible Belt, democracy, Thorstein Veblen, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, etc., goes as ardent an admiration for beer, Baltimore, Beethoven, Theodore Dreiser and—above all—*words*: their nature, origin, structure and use.

If time permits Van Wyck Brooks to carry his "literary history of the United States" into the period covering the collapse of the genteel tradition and the beginnings of the "thirties" decade, he might call such a volume *The Times of Mencken*. He would certainly be as much justified in doing so as he was in calling the last two *The Times of Washington Irving* and *The Times of Whitman and Melville*. For if Brooks's kind of literary reporting is to have much meaning, it must be in terms of influence, of historical cause and effect, of capturing the spirit of the age. Mencken—if only in the vehemence of his revulsion—dominates the years from 1915 to 1930.

His historical role can hardly be in dispute. His championship of European drama, fiction and music (he has always been unrewarding on poetry and the visual arts) was as indiscriminate but as helpful as his friend Huneker's. His attacks on the received religious, political and social "ideals" of the United States challenged the Left and the "humanist" Right; he demolished Irving Babbitt as well as George F. Babbitt. But for many years his bark was worse than his bite, and under his editorship the pages of the *American Mercury* were open to any young writer—as long as Mencken approved of the writing as writing.

His style has been a powerful influence, and not always a fortunate one, upon a generation of newspapermen, magazine editors and college professors to whom the *Mercury* was Holy Writ. It is still difficult to read through a daily paper without finding a feature writer who employs Menckenese. Bernard De Voto's "Easy Chair" column in *Harper's* preserves almost the tone of the master.

The depression, FDR and the New Deal were Mencken's undoing. Life had suddenly become real and earnest, and the weapons of high ridicule and scorn which riddled the pretensions of Republican prosperity turned suddenly rusty. The splenetic articles for Bernarr Macfadden's *Liberty* in the early thirties are the low point in his career.

Since that time, to what must be the relief of his admirers, he has devoted himself largely to happier tasks. They include the revision of one of the best of his early works, *Treatise on the Gods*: beery reminiscences which for the first time suggest that a reconciliation may be nearing among Mencken, his Maker and his fellow man; and a rather routine dictionary of quotations. At the same time he has worked steadily upon what almost all will agree is his masterpiece, *The American Language*, the second supplement to which has just appeared (Knopf; $7.50).

The first edition of *The American Language* was published in 1919. "Revised, corrected, enlarged and rewritten" editions appeared in 1921, 1923 and 1936. Two "supplements" (1945, chapters I-VI, and the current volume) discuss new material organized on the chapter pattern of the 1936 volume.

In *Supplement II* Mencken continues his investigation into "The Pronunciation of American," "American Spelling," "The Common Speech," "Proper Names in America" and "American Slang." Unfortunately Mencken has not been able to supplement the final chapter of his original work, "The Future of the Language," or the appendix on the non-English languages. He has also been forced to forgo for the time being any treatment of some fresh subjects he had hoped to deal with—"for example, the language of gesture, that of children, the names of political parties, cattle brands, animal calls, and so on . . . lest it grow to an impossible bulk." One can only hope that a third supplement will appear.

In an uncharacteristically modest mood, Mencken describes himself simply as "a journalist interested in language, and if there appears in it any virtue at all it is the homely virtue of diligence." Undoubtedly diligence is the first requirement of a lexicographer, but that more than diligence is needed to produce new ways of approaching language is shown by the imaginative work of Samuel Johnson, the Fowlers, Noah Webster and Mencken.

It is impossible in a review to suggest Mencken's scope: the present supplement is at least twice the length of the original edition of *The American Language*. It is important to emphasize, however, that this is no mere word-book or "inquiry into the development of English in the United States," as it is subtitled. It is, of course, each of these. But it is also a study of American civilization, viewed primarily through the facet of our language, by an informed "aristocrat," a scorner of our ways, one who, none the less, "likes it here."

Supplement II, like its predecessors, has many pages—particularly those treating pronunciation and spelling—that are mere scholastic proliferations of a basic example. But it also takes

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up such recent phenomena as the language of Hollywood, the *NBC Handbook of Pronunciation* and the strangely feeble contributions of World War II. On the last subject we have one of those excursions that set Mencken apart from other makers of dictionaries, and exemplify his style and temper:

World War II, though it threw off an enormous number of what, to newspaper lexicographers, appeared to be neologisms, actually produced few that were really new, and not many of them have stuck. Some of the most familiar, *e. g., foxhole, brasshat, M. P.* and *black market,* were legacies from World War I, and others went back to earlier wars, including the Civil War, *e. g., dog-tag, K. P., a. w. o. l., hike, pup-tent, gook, belly-robber, to bust* (to reduce in rank), *commando* (South African War). What differentiated World War II from all others in history, aside from the curious fact that it produced no popular hero and no song, was the enormous number of newspaper correspondents who followed the operations, and the even greater number of press-agents who served its *brass.*

Many of these *literati* were aspirants to the ermine of Walter Winchell, and as a result they adorned the daily history of the war with multitudinous bright inventions, but the actual soldier, like his predecessors of the past, limited his argot to a series of derisive names for the things he had to do and endure, and the ancient stock of profanity and obscenity. . . . [A] few four-letter words were put to excessively heavy service. One of them . . . penetrated to the highest levels, and was the essence of one of the few really good coinages of the war, to wit, *snafu,* meaning, according to Colonel Elbridge Colby, the leading authority on Army speech, "the confusion that comes from sudden changes in orders."

Quite naturally, a large part of Mencken's work, consciously and unconsciously, has been given over to a discussion of the relation of "American" to the "mother tongue."

The English background is relevant; no serious discussion of American politics would ignore the common law, John Locke or British parliamentarianism. But there is the factor of class in this interrelationship of nationality and language that Mencken, while he obviously recognizes it, does not sufficiently analyze. An "upper-middle-class" American is more at home, linguistically, with his British (or Irish or Scots or Welsh, etc.) counterpart than he is with many of his fellow Americans. The dominant linguistic factor here is chiefly that there exists a sort of common spoken and written language among all educated users of English.

More seriously, when he is dealing with the linguistics of "minorities," one feels that Mencken has not been absorbed in the melting pot; behind the scientific observation of certain usages lies an attitude of superiority, of the stressing of unlikeness. This is most noticeable in his condescending treatment of Negro surnames, which he charmingly calls "Afro-American onomatology." But the violence of his early prejudices has been subdued. Perhaps the continued observation of human frailty, verbal and otherwise, has softened that Olympian assurance.

DRAWING BY JOHN MACKEY

ENJOYMENT OF EASTMAN

ENJOYMENT OF LIVING, by Max Eastman (Harper and Brothers; $5).

A CHARACTERISTIC PHENOMENON of our age is the ex-zealot of radicalism who sees the light of conservatism and turns on his former faith and its associations. In the manner of the lecturing reformed drunkard of an earlier day, he proceeds to rend them. The most striking feature of the autobiography of Max Eastman, one-time firebrand and editor of the extremist *Masses* and now a pillar of the Right, is that he looks back with frank fondness on his career as a maverick. It is true that *Enjoyment of Living* takes him up only to the beginning of the Bolshevik Revolution, before his disillusion set in, and that he keeps insisting on his essential lack of Marxist dogmatism. But there can be little doubt of his zestful, almost nostalgic

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fondness for the good old years when he was baiting the reactionaries, fighting war and social backwardness and putting respectability and the octopus of the Associated Press in their places.

In its account of the pre-1914 *Masses, Enjoyment of Living* takes on striking documentary as well as literary value. Eastman and his associates got out an exciting magazine, and their adventures, brawls, triumphs and defeats are chronicled with gusto. Oddly enough, in view of the author's current rancor against what so many of his former colleagues—the John Reeds and the Elizabeth Gurley Flynns—now stand for in the annals of American radicalism, he looks back on them with a considerable tenderness. The memory of Lincoln Steffens still seems distasteful to him, but the rest, whatever the factional and personal differences, he remembers as the salt of the earth.

Although the current volume stops before Eastman broke with the far Left, it indicates clearly enough why he was unlikely to stay long in the revolutionary movement, even if it had not followed the path of iron ruthlessness. Eastman was at the time truly interested in the Marxist movement, but it is clear that he found it also an adventurous fad, an outlet for his ego and his appetite for intellectual excitement. It was something he cherished chiefly as a colorful chapter in what he was determined to make a colorful career.

This is not to deny the sincerity of his earlier belief or the honesty of his later conviction that the revolution was destroying liberty rather than creating it. But the autobiography makes it clear that his radicalism was essentially that of the brilliant and sensitive dilettante, merely one episode, although a great one, among the other intellectual hobbies brought in the wake of the vitality and idealism of American life in the years ending with the outbreak of the First World War.

Thus *Enjoyment of Living* is valuable as a chronicle of an important chapter in American social and journalistic history and as a revelation of how revolutionaries become counter-revolutionaries. There are, however, long and detailed accounts of what the author refers to as "my thirty-three years' introduction to living" which are less commendable. That Max Eastman was always a monstrously clever fellow is undeniable, but his romantic triumphs and misadventures and his interesting pre-Freudian complexes are pallid in comparison with his adventures in radicalism.

Furthermore, although Eastman denies Van Wyck Brooks's charge that he had a "deep contempt" for the profession of writing, the book does reveal at least signs of scorn for letters as the enemy of rich, full living. The best thing about *Enjoyment of Living* is that its reformed author does no breast-beating about his radical past. Perhaps he is saving that for the next volume. RICHARD WATTS JR.

THE AMERICAN DISEASE

A MASK FOR PRIVILEGE: ANTI-SEMITISM IN AMERICA, by Carey McWilliams (Little, Brown and Company; $2.75).

ALL MANNER OF MEN, by Malcolm Ross (Reynal and Hitchcock; $3.50).

IT IS, I think, no exaggeration to say that racial prejudice is our number-one domestic problem; that despite the progress we have made, racism, and especially anti-Semitism, is on the upsurge in America. Paradoxical as it might seem, we have come out of this war with a new set of anti-Semitic concepts, almost as if we have ourselves contracted the disease which we struggled so hard to cure in others. But because our antagonism toward Jews is on a different level from our prejudice toward Negroes, it has received less attention in our over-all efforts to better the racial scene.

For this reason it seems to me that *A Mask for Privilege* is one of the most important books that has appeared in 1948. It examines our anti-Semitism as an American disease whose symptoms are perhaps the same as those elsewhere, but which developed under conditions different from the European variety. Basically, the thesis of Carey McWilliams is that we have had no long anti-Semitic history and that it was not until the rapid rise of cut-throat capitalism—one outgrowth of the Civil War—that the poison of anti-Semitism began to seep down from above rather than spread outward from a broad base. Thus it was that anti-Jewish feeling here, as contrasted with Europe, began on purely upper-class social levels: first, as an attempt at exclusiveness, and second, as a bulwark against social change.

I know of no more logical explanation than this for what has happened to anti-Jewish feeling even in my own lifetime. Until I arrived at college I did not know that there was a Jewish problem, and then it was largely an unofficial directive that Jews should not be taken into fraternities. In the Middle West and the South, where I was brought up, I heard few anti-Semitic remarks, yet recently when I returned to both areas I heard little else. Indeed, in the South I was more aware of it than I was of color prejudice, although I do not imply by this that the Negro problem has to that degree lessened. Furthermore I found those people who were most vehement about the lunatic fringe of professional anti-Semites mouthing the same propaganda, shocked though they would have been had they realized it.

One might accuse McWilliams of oversimplification, and of over or underbalancing the emphasis to which he gives some points in his arguments. But I do not see how one can dismiss his thesis. His whole approach is fresh; his development of the growth of anti-Semitism from upper-class snobbery into a broad-based, offensive weapon against all social change seems to me beautifully logical. I feel that McWilliams glosses over the prejudice toward Jews in this country before the 1870's and tends to minimize the concept of difference that the average person absorbs through the whole Gentile literature and folklore. But these are objections only of degree.

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The transition from *A Mask for Privilege* to *All Manner of Men*, Malcolm Ross's affectionate history of the FEPC, is an easy one. Throughout the many attempts to do away with this government agency by hamstringing its appropriations, the Southern racists harped only slightly less on the fact that many of its employees were Jewish than that Negroes were also employed. Nor was there any doubt that the real reason the "boys" wanted an end to fair practice in employment was not that it was likely to stir up the Negro problem in the South, but that it threatened one of the best bulwarks against social change the South has ever had. How else can one explain the strange volte-face of the Jewish stereotype from the grasping, money-hoarding, arch capitalist into a communist bent on destroying all he holds dear?

All Manner of Men is actually far more than a report on the FEPC. Ross looks into the whole racial picture of America—past, present and future. His main emphasis is on the Negro because his agency was more concerned with the Negro than with any other minority, but he does go into the problems of the other groups. There is nothing of the crusade about this book. It is an even-tempered and realistic search into those factors which have tended to perpetuate racial tensions.

Yet beneath the surface there is apparent a realistic knowledge of what is basically at stake. Ross is perhaps more generous to the Southern liberal than he need be, although he is aware that he is dealing with two kinds of liberals. There are those whose liberalism is intellectual, come by through books, and those who have arrived at such beliefs through the trade-union movement. Ross clearly puts his hopes on the latter.

Here is the whole balance sheet of an experiment that had neither the authority to force its directives on those who were unwilling to abide by them, nor a long enough span of life to make more than a dent in the whole picture of restrictive employment. The wonder is not that the FEPC accomplished so little, but that it accomplished anything at all.

BUCKLIN MOON

MUSIC: "Je ne suis pas heureuse"

WHEN the New York City Opera announced that Maggie Teyte would appear in three performances of Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" during the spring season, the ticket racks were swept clean and the jubilant management added two more dates to the schedule. With almost any other opera this phenomenon would have been interesting, but hardly epoch-making. "Pelléas et Mélisande," however, is a special case. Though it is

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one of a small list of acknowledged operatic masterpieces of the twentieth century, it has ordinarily played to half-empty houses throughout its forty-year history in the United States.

Back in 1908, when it was first presented by Oscar Hammerstein at the Manhattan Opera House, the incomparable Mary Garden was able to provide sophisticates with a conversational running gag by her unforgettable delivery of the famous line, *"Je ne suis pas heureuse,"* but she was not able to establish the opera as a best-seller. When the Metropolitan belatedly added "Pelléas" to its repertory in 1925, Lucrezia Bori and Edward Johnson had no better luck. "Pelléas et Mélisande" makes its points by understatement, by a subtle union of text and music, by an orchestra that intimates its meaning instead of proclaiming it. Wagner and Verdi have always been able to shout Debussy out of the opera house.

The sudden popularity of "Pelléas et Mélisande" in 1948 results partly from the fact that the American public has now grown up to its music. But the chief reason for the line at the City Center ticket window was the almost legendary Scottish soprano, Maggie Teyte.

Miss Teyte has been more talked about than heard in this country. In 1911 and 1913 she sang in Massenet's "Cinderella" with the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company, and for a short time afterward toured with Max Rabinoff's Boston Opera Company. She then disappeared across the sea for more than twenty-five years, but her name was kept alive, first by the memories of old-timers and later by phonograph records.

In 1945 she finally returned, with a voice that was aging but still fairly reliable, and a disarming platform manner that enabled her to try a phrase over again if it did not come out well the first time. Her air of easy familiarity with French song literature and her well publicized reminiscences of Debussy's coaching immediately won her a following which is close to ecstatic. Upon analysis her best gift proves to be that of the *diseuse,* and her most ready technique a mild flirtation with her audience. She is one of those mesmeric people who achieve the semblance of great artistry without actually delivering the product.

Whatever her Melisande may have been like forty years ago, it hardly lived up to expectations in 1948. Visually she could create none of the illusion of innocent, untouchable, far-away adolescence which Miss Garden, at about the same age, could still evoke. Except for a few moments here and there, Miss Teyte's singing was no more than factually correct. It had few of the half-lights and evocative coloration of words without which Mélisande might as well be reading a page from the telephone directory.

The City Opera weighted down the production with a unit setting of singular hideousness, like something out of the Moscow Art Theater's "Carmencita and the Soldier" period in the twenties. All was lost from the first line, when Golaud appeared on a bleak, blank platform to say, "I shall never be able to find my way out of this forest." A further old-school Russian touch (the director was Theodor Komisarjevsky) was added by a group of six severely robed women who kept entering, without sanction from the libretto, to eavesdrop on conversations that were none of their business.

Yet the miracle of this performance was that, despite its foolishness and its patent shortcomings, it was suffused with a genuine mood of dedication. Even though he was handicapped by an orchestra incapable of tonal loveliness, Jean Morel conducted with such insight and technical command that the music emerged with integrity. The singers—notably Carlton Gauld as a really excellent Golaud, the baffled, angry husband of Mélisande—merged themselves admirably with the spirit and intention of the ensemble. Consequently the whole thing amounted to more than the sum of its parts, and, as with "Salome" and "Ariadne auf Naxos" last year, the City Opera added another distinctive chapter to its developing story. CECIL SMITH

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MOVIES: The Optimists

IT WOULD BE EASY to become indignant about "The Search," M-G-M's Swiss-made story of displaced children. Out of the most sickening aftermath of the war, the film makers have produced a fairy story for old ladies to weep over; out of a problem to which there is no decent solution they have concocted the legend of a child reborn —a pretty conceit for the Easter trade. "The Search" manages only to be sentimental about a subject that demands anger and shame.

But if you can accept this basic failure of spirit, "The Search" will offer you details of technical excellence. Aline MacMahon, as the head of an UNRRA reclamation station, blends maternal yearning and executive efficiency into a moving portrayal. Montgomery Clift, given the difficult role of a boyish AMG official who picks up and rehabilitates a little Czech waif, plays his part briskly and largely avoids its mawkish possibilities. The boy himself, Ivan Jandl, is beautiful, and at moments heartbreaking. He is evidence again of the luminous honesty untrained children can bring to the screen. The direction over-all is decently quiet and the shocking background of ruined Germany is well—but not too well—photographed.

The plot of the picture, like its underlying theme, is false. A mother (Jarmila Novotna, the Metropolitan singer) wanders the occupation zones of Germany in search of her son, separated from her in a concentration camp. The action alternates between scenes of the boy returning to health and sanity with suspicious rapidity under the care of his foster father, and the wan, exhausted mother wandering from one relief office to another on the track of false clues. Everyone concerned is eager to reunite the two, but the influence of baleful coincidence is so powerful that the characters seem at times conspiring to keep them apart. In the end they come together as, at the beginning, you knew they would.

"The Search" was made by Richard Schweizer and Lazar Wechsler, the same writer-producer team that created "The Last Chance." Both films are tales of personal romance lifted out of the tragic implications of war, and both of them engender an optimism unjustified by the facts. But the earlier film dealt with an essentially melodramatic subject—the escape of refugees across the Alps to Switzerland—and one that in any case was all over by the time the picture came out. Schweizer and Wechsler, it seems to me, chose in "The Search" an unsuitable theme for their vast ability to make the best of a bad situation.

"Mr. Orchid" (*"Le Père Tranquil"*) is a pleasant French money maker with Noel-Noel in the role of a gentle Pimpernel. Publicly, he cultivates exotic plants, clucked over by his wife and despised by his patriotic adolescent son; privately, he leads the Maquis in gloriously successful adventures. The film is well put together and it has the rich characterization that the French are willing to spend on even their minor productions. The story itself I've liked since I was ten and I'm prepared to go right on liking it.

"B.F.'s Daughter," made from the Marquand novel, is a dreary film, not so much because it is bad as because it is old and stale. The fact that a very rich girl may have some difficulty setting up housekeeping for her poor but stalwart husband, the fact that a pillar of reaction may be a personally endearing family man, the fact that honor and courage are to be found on both sides of the track are dramatic ideas from which the last drops of interest have been squeezed in a thousand machine-made romances. "B.F.'s Daughter" is as boring as a solved acrostic.

J. Arthur Rank's new picture, "The Smugglers," is notable for being Michael Redgrave's first appearance in

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some time in a film role that does not oblige him to go mad. Otherwise it is a costume romance in Technicolor about smugglers on the Sussex coast.

The central figure is one Francis Andrews (Richard Attenborough), a milksop of a lad who finds himself in the company of "the gentlemen" through no wish of his own, and who turns them over to the Customs in revenge for an unmerited thrashing.

In *The Man Within*, the novel from which this film is taken, Graham Greene undoubtedly made a lot of his weakling's self-tortures; the scenes in which the boy flees through the woods while ghostly voices call his name out of the fog may well refer to such passages. But on the screen, and despite the ministrations of two beautiful girls, one of whom is just a trifle nymphomaniac, Andrews emerges as nothing but a greengrocer's clerk miscast as a pirate's apprentice.

Redgrave's profile is spectacular under a cocked hat. ROBERT HATCH

THEATER: The Lost Art

A FRIEND OF MINE who happens to be a prominent and talented actor—trained in the old Group Theater—eagerly picked up *Acting: A Handbook of the Stanislavsky Method* from my desk, examined it for a moment, then let it fall and muttered "The same old ——!"

I did not understand the exact significance of my friend's disdainful profanity. Does he consider all handbooks on acting futile? If so, he is right to a degree.

The present book (Lear; $3)—a collection of papers by Stanislavsky and some of his most distinguished disciples in the Russian theater—contains one or two pieces that, due to bad writing and worse translation, are almost gibberish, but there are many more that should prove instructive as well as inspiring to those theater specialists already familiar through practical experience with the subject matter of these essays on the technique of acting and directing.

Why did my friend, who owes so much of his conscious technique to training in the so-called Stanislavsky method, dismiss the very idea of reading such a book at the present time? An examination of my own consciousness as I reread some of the essays—most of which appeared years ago in obscure theatrical periodicals—supplied part of the answer.

The book deals with acting as an art which seems now either to have existed only in the past or to lie ahead in some utopian future. Is there such art as Stanislavsky and his pupils are talking about anywhere outside a handbook? What is this art of acting that grown people should wax so serious and even theoretical over it?

Look at the illustrations in the back of the book. Eleven of them are photographs of Stanislavsky in plays by Pushkin, Molière, Chekhov, Gorky, Turgenev, Tolstoy and others. In each picture Stanislavsky is a new man. This is not merely a matter of contrasting make-ups: each face has a different meaning. Each image reveals not simply a different character but also a different world. These pictures are not examples of expert craftsmanship with grease paint, wig and crepe hair, but revelations of genuine artistic perception. They are the fruit of thought, of feeling, of study, of intuition, observation and imagination. These photographs remind us that acting may be an art.

Many actors today have the gifts and even more of them the inclination to work in the vein that these photographs suggest. There still are actors who devour such books as the present one; who, long after they have become "established" in the profession, attend classes like novices. They know that acting with us has become mostly imitation and illustration. They know

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that to have fundamental theatrical value acting must be creative.

The creative actor—even the actor who simply strives for creation—has become so exceptional in our theater as to seem non-existent. This is not the actor's fault; it is the fault of our stage, which is run as a small-time, hit-or-miss business where study, planning, continuity of purpose and program (not to mention security of employment) are unprofitable and therefore visionary.

The reason you will find only occasional mention of individual actors in reviews is that most performances nowadays are pleasantly competent without being distinguished. They are rarely related to art: they seldom even begin to set themselves the problems which might lead to art. This, I repeat, is not because our actors are lazy, uninterested, incapable. On the contrary, the majority of our actors today are often quite aware that they are progressively being cut off from all sources of creative stimulation, all opportunity for creative growth. Directors who demand creative effort from the actor are rare; directors who know how to provoke it are rarer still.

An actor in our theater with a little more "personality," a more engaging or attractive quality than the average, is generally hailed as a master and promptly persuaded (by the nature of the praise, publicity and pressure received) to leave the stage to become a face on the screen, a voice on the air and a mug in the illustrated ads. These actors are generally young people who have been on the stage from two to five years.

Do you remember Barbara Bel Geddes? What will happen to Marlon Brando, Meg Mundy and other discoveries of the season? Will they ponder over the fact that performances such as those of Ronald Colman in "A Double Life" or Loretta Young in "The Farmer's Daughter" are awarded honors as the "Best of the Year"? And will they then some years hence pick up a serious treatise on acting and cry out "The same old ——!"?

HAROLD CLURMAN

CORRESPONDENCE

To Quote

SIR: In his review of my *Henry Wallace: The Man and the Myth,* Russell Lord accuses me of taking "plain answers" to questions and working them around "to accord with his set of ideological preconceptions." He continues: "His neatest trick in this line, to give alleged quotations his own desired meaning, is to knock off the quotation marks and put the whole thing in italics. . . . No quote marks, no statement of source of authority; just italics. I never saw that before."

Either this is malicious slander, or else your reviewer is just sloppy and lazy. (From a close reading of *his* recent book on Wallace—which the *New Republic* did not ask *me* to review—I suspect the latter.) Anyway, if he had read as far as page 48, he would have found the following footnote appended to the first such quotation I used:

"This is not a direct quotation; it is the recollection, 12 years later, of the person to whom Wallace was talking. . . . Such quotations are put in italics to indicate that they are to be taken as accurate in spirit but not necessarily in literal text."

I will say no more about Mr. Lord's inside-job on my book except to remark that (a) I found him fully as likable and engaging as he apparently found me during our interview at the Cosmos Club; and (b) if he thought I was putting him through an "ideological quiz," he really should come up to the big city some time and have some serious conversation about politics.

New York City DWIGHT MACDONALD

SIR: Mr. Macdonald presents, I feel, no real complaint; he is simply demanding further attention. His footnote explaining his dodge with italics did not escape my earnest attention; and I still say, with all possible amiability, that it's a slick way to work in malicious and irresponsible backstairs prattle on a gossip-column level. The device is of a piece with the work as a whole—a transparent smear, too thin to last.

Bel Air, Md. RUSSELL LORD

Note: The continuing dispute between the International Typographical Union and the employing printers of New York again necessitates a smaller than normal issue of the New Republic. We regret that Saul Carson's regular Radio department is therefore omitted from this issue.

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